

THE SILENT WORLD

Vol. V.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 1, 1875.

No. 1.

NOT KNOWING.

I KNOW not what will befall me—God
Hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward path,
He makes new scenes to rise;
And every joy He sends me comes as a
Sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me as I tread
The days of a year;
But the Past is still in God's keeping,
The Future His mercy shall clear;
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded Future has less
Bitter than I think—
The Lord may sweeten the water before
I stoop to drink;
Or, if Marah must be Marah, He will
Stand beside its brink.

It may be He has, waiting for the coming
Of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessings—some
Joy so strangely sweet,
That my life can only tremble with the
Thanks I can't repeat.

O restful, blissful ignorance! 'Tis blessed
Not to know:
It keeps me quiet in the arms which
Will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest on the
Bosom which loves me so.

So I go on, not knowing; I would not
If I might;
I would rather walk in the dark
With God than go alone in the light—
I would rather walk with Him by
Faith than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials which
The Future may disclose;
Yet I never had a sorrow but what
The dear Lord chose:
So I send the coming tears back with
The whispered words, "He knows."

A DEAF AND DUMB THANKSGIVING.

NETTIE STUART was deaf and dumb. She was born deaf but not dumb. Many folks think that deaf-mutes are dumb, because of some defect in their throats, but it is a queer mistake. Their throats are just as good as other people's; they only do not talk, because they never learned how.

Some of them do learn to talk, however, and the way in which they are taught is very curious.

But I cannot stop to tell you about it now, for I must tell you how Nettie and Mamie spent Thanksgiving.

The pupils in our large institutions for the deaf and dumb generally spend the whole school year at school. There are several reasons why this is best; among others that it is so difficult and expensive getting so many to and from school. So they have no holidays except Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's.

Like true philosophers, however, they make the most of what they have, and I would like to see a company of little folks get through with more Thanksgiving dinner than they can. No trouble with their throats then.

Nettie Stuart was a great pet at home. Deaf and dumb children always are, as you would soon find out, if you happened to spend the first week of the school year in a deaf and dumb institution, and saw the tears and kisses and candy with which their fathers and mothers leave them.

All the love naturally falling to the share of the little girl was given her when she was born. But when it slowly dawned upon the poor father and mother, that something ailed their baby daughter that she was not just like other babies, they loved and petted her more fondly than ever.

"Out of all reason," said the gruff old sea-captain uncle, who lived to see the day when Nettie could wind him (metaphorically) around her little finger.

At first, the neighbors shook their heads and said she was an idiot. But Nettie's mamma knew better than the neighbors, and, indeed, it seemed strange that any one could look into that bright, merry little face, and think her silly. But as she never spoke a word, and would pay no attention when any one spoke to her, not even when candy was mentioned, it was plain something was wrong. So her sorrowing father and mother took her to a celebrated physician. But he could only send them home with all the hope taken out of their hearts, and a sharp pain there instead, for he told them that their little girl would never hear. So Nettie had her own way more than ever, and as time passed on she grew as mischievous as a kitten. Nobody ever corrected her for her pranks. Nobody thought they could, so she was not afraid to do anything that came into her head.

When she was eight years old, she was placed in school, where among other things, she learned to be more quiet and orderly, but the mischief would crop out, sometimes. She was now eleven years of age, and this was her third year at school. Mamie Arthur, her little friend of seven, had been her playmate at home, and was but just come to school, so she looked up to Nettie, and would go into anything, if the latter only led the way.

On this Thanksgiving morning the two girls woke early, and found a soft, thick snow falling.

"Oh," sighed Nettie thinking in signs, "if we could only have a sleigh-ride."

Then Mamie told her, on her fingers, of a long ride she had with her papa, last Thanksgiving, to carry a dinner to a poor sick woman and her little ones.

"The house was poor and cold, but the children were hungry, and the ride was splendid. I didn't have to be at this old school then," said Mamie in signs, and curling her lip in contempt.

Just then a bright thought, or bad one, flashed through Nettie's head; she touched Mamie, and then drew the palm of one hand rapidly across the other palm and fingers, ending by slipping the right hand under the left, as if it were hiding. By this she said as quickly as you can say it:

"Let's run away."

"Where?" said Mamie, by opening both hands, with the palms turned upward, passing from side to side a little and looking about her.

"Oh anywhere," said Nettie unconcernedly "there's no school, and I have fifty cents to spend, and we can be back in time for dinner."

It would not do to slight Thanksgiving-dinner, even for the fun of running away.

"I think we can get a sleigh-ride somehow," said Nettie, who

had been so long used to having her wishes gratified, that nothing seemed impossible.

About 10 o'clock the little girls, in ermine capes and muffs Polish boots, and jaunt white plush hats, were seen slipping through the snow, behind a hedge of spruce and fir trees, which grew by the side of a walk at the back of the grounds. There was a gate at the end of the walk, but it was always kept locked. Kittens do not stop for locked gates, however, so Nettie and Mamie were soon over, picking their way through the deep snow. They were in a side street, and by turning once or twice as fancy led them, they came to a church. In front were several horses and sleighs whose owners were inside the church.

Deacon Pettingill and his wife had driven to church, on Thanksgiving morning and home again for dinner, for more than thirty years. One year, however, they had a sadder and a slower drive, for it was to follow their two little girls, Hepsey and Jane, to the grave-yard. So they always felt sad on Thanksgiving morning. There were no children nor grand-children, to come home and eat Thanksgiving dinner with them.

"Pears like it wasn't any use cooking all this dinner," mother Pettingill had said that morning, discontentedly.

"Look at all those doughnuts and caraway cookies, now What's two old people like us going to do with 'em, I wonder? But I've made 'em every year since I was born a'most, and I guess it's too late to stop now."

"Now, mother don't get out of sorts," said Deacon Pettingill, "tain't as if we hadn't the good things to make 'em of. That 'ud be worse, I reckon."

"I don't know, father," said his wife, "when I make victuals I like to have 'em eat, that's all, and not have 'em dry up and be good for nothing."

While the deacon and his wife were inside the church listening to Parson Tuttle's Thanksgiving sermon, Nettie and Mamie had borrowed their old horse, Dick, hitched outside, and were having a "lovely ride." The snow was falling very softly. Now and then a cool little flake would light on Mamie's nose, and once when she turned her face up, a daring big fellow settled right on her warm, red lips, like a bee on a clover. What a charming kiss it was! Mamie laughed, and tried to show it to Nettie but it was gone. However, they both took to catching snow-flakes in their mouths, and old Dick had his own way as to where he should go. Of course he took the straight road home, which he had traveled for twenty-five years, and of course he drew up beside Deacon Pettingill's side gate where mother always got out. When he stopped, the little girls concluded to get out a minute, as their noses were a little cold. They thought there would be plenty of time to drive back to the church, hitch up the horse again, and then make their way back to the Institution before dinner.

As no one heeded their soft little knocks they ventured to open the door. They found a wood fire, covered up a little with ashes, and a splendid, great maltese cat blinking at it from a red and black patchwork cushion. The cat rose up, stretched herself, gave a yawn, and then lay down again as if to say:

"You are welcome; make yourselves at home, but don't disturb me, and, whatever you do, don't keep that door open."

Old Dick, thinking his duty done when the children had climbed out of the sleigh, and not enjoying the snow as much as they had, walked around to the barn, as he knew the way perfectly well. He walked in, pulling the sleigh after him, like the careful old horse that he was.

About the time Nettie and Mamie were looking about for Dick, to ride back, and in great consternation to find him gone, Deacon

Pettingill and his wife came out of the church, with the rest of the congregation to go home. The deacon was talking earnestly with the minister about the sermon. The parson and deacon walked out to Dick's hitching post before they observed that Dick wasn't there at all!

"I tell you," said the deacon, feeling for the hitching strap while he looked at Parson Tuttle, "that argyment can't be answered no way."

"Why father, where's Dick?" said Mother Pettingill, who had followed them. Why—ah—bless my soul where is he?" said the deacon, looking bewildered.

The parson helped in the search for Dick. They all walked back to the church where the sexton was just about to shut the door, and all looked in earnestly.

They didn't find him there however, and the whole party walked back to the sidewalk, and stood looking up and down the street in a dazed sort of a way.

"Well, it beats my time," said the deacon. "Mother, did I hitch Dick this morning?"

"Why, father, you must 'ave," said the old lady, "you don't generally forget that."

"He must have got loose and gone home," said the deacon.

"Come right home with me, both of you," said the parson, "and have dinner, and then we'll find the horse, I guess."

But neither the deacon nor his wife could think of leaving the great turkey browning slowly in the brick oven, to dry up and burn in the pan. They must get home, so a horse and sleigh were borrowed of the deacon's nephew, who lived in town, and the puzzled old people drove home.

Of course we know what they found there. Mother Pettingill found the bright-eyed little girls, who wouldn't answer a word she said, and the deacon found Dick comfortably in his stall, with the sleigh drawn in carefully out of the snow.

When he came in from the barn he found mother speaking as loud as her soft voice could be raised:

"Who are you, dear? and where on earth did you come from?"

Nettie was looking around her for a pencil, making a sign of writing in her open hand. Mother Pettingill was completely bewildered.

"Must 'ave lost their senses," she said.

"Oh," said the deacon, after looking at them a moment, "them's two o' the little dummies; I know their signs. I guess they must have drove Dick home, for I found him and the sleigh in the barn."

"Did you ever?" said his wife.

The deacon went to spreading out his hands, throwing them over his head and waving them about in all sorts of circles, making queer faces all the time. Nettie shook her head, and still asked for pencil and paper. The deacon pointed to the town. Nettie nodded.

"Yes he said to mother, 'they came from the deaf and dumb. Let's have dinner, anyhow, mother. I know they'er hungry.'"

Mother never saw the time she wasn't glad to have some one help to dispose of the victuals she was so fond of cooking, and could eat so little of, herself. So that suggestion set her to work at once.

At sight of the table being spread, Nettie looked dismayed and ran to the window. The snow was falling furiously now, and the horse and sleigh were gone!

Mamie began to cry, but the deacon drew up two fluffy cushioned rockers before the fire, lifted the two children into them, and then brought them each a mug of milk and a caraway cooky. Then he nodded and smiled, and pointed to the table, and

flourished his arms again as if he were in the middle of a swarm of bees. The children both laughed at his signs.

"I can make signs to 'em, you see," he said with an air of importance, though the signs he made were never in use among any deaf and dumb people that I ever heard of. The children understood his kindly face, however, as well as the mug of milk and caraway cookies. So they sat contentedly before the fire, biting their cookies, and spelling with their fingers the mottoes, "For a good girl," and "To my daughter," on the pink and blue mugs.

Those mugs had been set away for thirty years, and mother Pettingill sighed softly and wiped away a tear, as she got them down from the top shelf of the corner cupboard, for her two little guests.

I will not say that Nettie felt quite happy; a twinge of conscience at the thought of the lost horse, and of Mr. Gilbert, the principal of the institution, kept her from feeling just right; but I cannot think the petted child, accustomed at home to have her own way almost entirely, had as clear a sense of the wrong in the case as an ordinary child of eleven would have.

Then, the dinner was splendid, and mother Pettingill looked so happy, and piled their plates so full, and the deacon cut such big slices of turkey for them, and laughed and made such amazing signs, that they couldn't help laughing and having a good time, to save their lives. They knew he didn't make a single sign right, and that was why they laughed.

But the deacon not understanding that it had to be any particular motion of the hands, or that they really had a language of the hands at all, thought he was entertaining them in the most appropriate manner.

"Don't, father don't throw your hands up so silly," said mother Pettingill.

"That's the way to talk to 'em, mother," making his hands fly wildly into the air.

"But you look as if you'd lost your senses," said his wife.

However, as Nettie and Mamie laughed and ate heartily, and seemed to enjoy it all, she let father make a fool of himself to his heart's content.

When Miss Peabody marshaled the girls in the study hall, ready for dinner, the places of the two little runaways were empty. A messenger was sent to the dormitories to look them up; who, being rather hungry, did not make a very thorough search. When Mr. Gilbert was notified, he only laughingly said:

"O let them alone, they will get in soon enough, never fear," and then fell to carving turkey, and everybody else fell to eating it, and the little absentees were forgotten.

When just before dark, Deacon Pettingill set them down in the large front hall of the institution with a kiss apiece, and a big bundle of doughnuts and caraway cookies, they ran slyly and hid the bundle under their pillows. Coming into the study hall, the girls buzzed around them. They were summoned to Miss Peabody who, however, was so deeply interested in the book she was reading, that she did not take proper notice of the offenders.

"Yon cannot have any dinner at all," she said in signs, "for not being in your places."

Nettie and Mamie hung their heads, and escaped to a retired spot behind the door to have a good laugh. They were "full to the throat," as the deaf and dumb express it; what a lucky punishment to tell them they could not have any dinner! And then hadn't they a big bundle of cookies and doughnuts? Deacon Pettingill had driven home immediately, as a heavy snow was falling, and no one had seen him. Nobody found the girls out, and the doughnuts and cookies didn't dry up.

The following is a copy of the letter which Nettie wrote home a few days after Thanksgiving. It is a true copy, and she composed ever word of it herself; you will see that she never said a word about her ride, but she told her mother the whole story the next vacation.

Nettie's letter:

DEAR MAMMA: We had, thanks be unto God, turkey, and mince pie, and many other kinds of fruit, last Thursday. I love my father and mother. There are three hundred pupils in this institution, 175 boys, 125 girls. All the pupils are well, but some are sick.

Your loving daughter,
—Little Corporal.

NETTIE.

DOING A DUN.

"I have a small bill against you," said a pertinacious-looking collector, as he entered the store of one who had acquired the character of a hard customer.

"Yes, sir, a very fine day, indeed," was the reply.

"I'm not speaking of the weather, but your bill," replied the collector, in a loud tone.

"It would be better if we had a little rain," continued the collector, and, raising his voice, added: "Have you the money to pay this bill?"

"Beg your pardon, I'm hard of hearing. I've made it a rule not to lend my funds to strangers, and I really don't recognize you."

"I'm collector for *The Daily Extinguisher*—newspaper, sir, and I have a bill against you," persisted the collector, producing the bill, and thrusting it in the face of his debtor.

"I've determined to indorse bills for no one; you may put your bill back into your pocket-book; I really can't indorse it."

"Confound your indorsement; will you pay it?"

"You'll pay it, no doubt, sir; but there's always a risk about these matters, you know. So I must decline it."

"The money must be mine to-day."

"O, yes, ninety days, but I would not indorse a bill for you a week; so out of my store. It is seldom that I am pressed upon for an indorsement, even by a friend; on the part of a stranger, sir, it is inexplicable. Do not force me to put you out; leave the premises."

The bill was returned to the *Extinguisher* office, endorsed: "So dreadfully deaf he couldn't understand."

PRESENCE OF MIND.

PROFESSOR WILDER gives these short rules for action in case of accident: For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing, dash water into them; remove cinders, &c., with the round point of a lead-pencil. Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear. If an artery is cut, compress above the wound; if a vein is cut, compress below. If choked, get upon all fours, and cough. For light burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed cover with varnish. Smother a fire with carpets, &c.; water will often spread burning oil, and increase the danger. Before passing through smoke take a full breath, and then stoop low, but, if carbon is suspected, then walk erect. Suck poison wounds, unless your mouth is sore. Enlarge the wound, or, better, cut out the part without delay. Hold the wounded part as long as can be borne to a hot coal, or end of a cigar. In case of poisoning, excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by water or mustard. For acid poisons give acids; in case of opium poisoning, give strong coffee and keep moving. If in water float on the back, with the nose and mouth projecting. For apoplexy raise the head and body; for fainting lay the person flat.

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5 times.....	2 25	4 00	5 75	9 00	16 00
3 months.....	2 50	4 50	6 50	10 00	18 00
7 times.....	2 75	5 00	7 25	12 00	21 00
4 months.....	3 00	5 50	8 00	14 00	24 00
9 times.....	3 25	6 00	8 75	15 00	27 00
5 months.....	3 50	6 50	9 25	17 00	30 00
11 times.....	3 75	7 00	10 00	19 00	32 00
6 months.....	4 00	7 50	10 75	20 00	35 00
9 times.....	5 50	9 00	13 00	25 00	42 00
12 times.....	7 00	10 50	16 00	30 00	50 00

WASHINGTON, JANUARY 1, 1875.

THE unusual amount of extra work and the difficulty in having the press-work done promptly on this number have been the cause of its lateness. We hope that our subscribers will pardon us for this unavoidable delay.

OUR subscribers who have received *unsigned* receipts as reminders of the expiration of their subscription, will please attend to them.

WANTED.—Numbers of THE SILENT WORLD for May 15, 1872; December 7, 1873 and February 1, 1874, for which we will pay ten cents each.

WITH the exception of its notice of free postage for 1875, an appeal for written contributions and an apology for crowding out much interesting matter, *The Journal* of December 17th surrenders its columns to the publication of conflicting statements concerning the small-pox epidemic at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Why did not the editor sift these clippings and give to the readers of *The Journal* the truth only?

IN our column of Institution news will be seen the rapid growth of the Indiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb under the able management of Mr. Thomas MacIntire. Its growth is a matter of sincere congratulation. Not that there is a rapid increase of deaf-mutes in the State, but in the Institution thus she has a greater number of educated deaf-mutes than many of the States having a larger population of that class. The suggestion of the Superintendent, the erection of a separate building for the use of the younger pupils, meets our approval and we hope that it will be one of the questions discussed at the next Convention of Principals.

THE *Advance* of Dec 16th, in spite of our repeated announcements that THE SILENT WORLD is not the organ of the National Deaf-mute College, harps its old accusation, and were it not for the fact that its remarks, upon the marriage of certain graduates, are wholly at fault we should not regard it. Mr. Greene, married a *hearing and speaking* lady not "a deaf-mute girl." We would suggest that the Editor seek a little more information concerning the College and its graduates, so as to avoid the confession of so much ignorance in regard to them. Thus far but two of the graduates have married deaf-mutes, while three have married hearing and speaking ladies.

THE *Christian Union* has an eye to business, and states in behalf of its Publishers very neatly as follows: "It happens that at this time of the year when so many thousands of subscriptions are expiring, very many who intended to renew, do not do so until their names are cut off. Then finding themselves without paper they write in

great haste, 'Don't stop my paper.' But the name once off the list takes a week to get in regular and in running order again, and the subscribers, lose paper and patience, while the publishers are put to a great deal of unnecessary trouble. Use, therefore, a little forethought and *renew immediately*. Have a little Christian consideration and attend, at least, to this one case without further delay." We endorse the above, only wishing that we had the "many thousands of subscribers" to call to attention.

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. John Barrick, the deaf-mute engraver, of Cincinnati, Ohio, we have received specimen cards and sheets of the manual alphabet printed from his new plates. The cards are decidedly the best we have seen of their kind, wood engraved. The sheets from the larger plates, the size used in many of the Annual Reports of the various Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, gives more natural appearance to the hand, besides showing the letters more correctly than those now used. We hope that the Principals of Institutions, where inferior plates are used will see fit to adopt Mr. Barricks.

WE have received the handsome number of *Vick's Floral Guide* for January, 1875. It contains a beautiful chromo frontispiece also numerous floral illustrations, and directions for planting, &c. There is also a vegetable department, which gives much valuable information. It is published quarterly at the low price of twenty-five cents per year. The January number alone is worth the subscription price. Mr. Vick's generosity does not end here; he proposes to contribute \$500 to such a fund as may be collected by him from subscribers to the *Guide* and its friends in aid of the Nebraska sufferers. From correspondence in our column of "Institution News", it will be seen that there are many deaf-mute families among the suffering, and we earnestly call upon our readers to send such contributions as they can in aid of their fellows. Contributions may be addressed to James Vick, Publisher, *Vick's Floral Guide*, Rochester, New York.

WITH this number THE SILENT WORLD begins its fifth volume and in doing so it wishes to return thanks to the many who have manifest kindly feeling for its prosperity, in sending subscriptions written contributions, &c. and it has reason to believe that there will be no discontinuance of this friendly feeling.

IN the course of the year just closed, we may have made remarks not in accordance with the views of some of our readers; while it has been our determination, as will be seen in our prospectus in another column, to be fearless and outspoken in our support of all measures that we think will do good to the deaf and dumb; and not to hesitate in condemning and denouncing all that we believe, will do injury to them at the same time to do justice to all we may not have succeeded in pleasing every one, but we flatter ourselves that the majority of our readers supported our actions on certain questions relating to the deaf and dumb.

THOSE who have uninjured us let us forgive. In this world where so little time is given us for *love*, before we enter upon our work that is set apart for us, there is no time to *hate*.

LET our lives and good intentions, though often failures, be strengthened, that then we may see the wondrous changes another short year brings upon us.

WE wish dear readers that you one and all may begin the new year with money in your pocket, happiness in your heart, the smiles of those around you, the good wishes of your friends, the glorious renewal of faith in life. Then alone will you enjoy many others as you should and as we hope you will this Happy New Year.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

MORE ABOUT THAT APPROPRIATION.

To the Editors of THE SILENT WORLD:

THERE is a local country paper published at Mexico, N. Y., and until recently published and owned by a Mr. Humphries. A portion of which, four meagre columns, under the immediate editorial management of Mr. H. C. Rider, was devoted to the interest of the deaf and dumb. Its title was *The Mexico Independent and Deaf-Mutes' Journal* under Mr. Humphries, when he received an annual appropriation of \$500 from the State of New York, for the expense of paper, printing and free distribution among the deaf-mutes of New York.

Now other persons have come into possession of the paper, and altered its title to that of *The Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

It will now be necessary for the Legislature to alter and shape the bill, which allows this appropriation, according to the change of title, and proprietor, so as to make the said appropriation legal.

Under these circumstances is the proprietor of *The Journal* going to continue to receive this State appropriation and yet beg for subscription moneys from the deaf-mutes of New York, in direct violation of the requisition that the paper shall be distributed free among them? Will the deaf-mutes of New York, in addition to permitting this beggary to be forced upon them, support the paper by their subscriptions, when the law requires its free distribution? Your truly,

JOHN EMORY.

Philadelphia, Dec. 19th, 1874.

LIP READING AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.

AMONG the visitors to Hartford on the occasion of the Dedication of the Clerc monument, was Mr. William Martin Chamberlain, editorial manager of the *Messenger*, a lively journal published at Marblehead, Mass., whose history affords a valuable illustration of success in overcoming natural infirmities by determined and persistent effort. Our reporter met this gentleman at the Union Hall Hotel and desiring certain information, wrote his inquiry on a slip of paper. To his surprise, Mr. Chamberlain replied in speech—slow, slightly inaccurate in pronunciation at times, and with a peculiar drawl on some of the words, yet very distinct and not at all liable to be misunderstood. This, on the part of a gentleman who was supposed to be deaf and dumb, as he had been conversing in the sign language with those about him, was not only astonishing but interesting, and our reporter held a long conversation with Mr. C., desirous of learning how he had acquired speech, as it has recently been stated by those engaged in the instruction of deaf-mutes that little progress can be made in teaching them to speak, owing to the difficulty of getting control of the vocal organs.

Proceeding to ask further questions in writing, Mr. Chamberlain suggested that that trouble might be avoided if our representative would speak slowly and distinctly, so that the motions of his lips might be noted. A conversation then occurred substantially as follows, both questions and answers being given from memory:

Reporter.—Will you be able to understand everything I say?

Mr. C.—Yes, if you will speak slowly. You naturally speak very fast, and do not move your lips much, but if you adopt my suggestion we can converse very easily. I can get along nicely with a man with a large mouth, and with no moustache. This young man, for instance (turning to one of the hotel clerks who had a finely developed mouth) suits me exactly. His moustache is imperceptible, (here the hotel clerk looked embarrassed—first instance on record,) and I can observe the play of his lips. I can rarely understand a man with a full moustache. Those of my

friends who talk with me at my home, have a practice of brushing their moustache up out of the way.

Reporter.—Can you understand a public speaker?

Mr. C.—I have never yet succeeded, although some speakers have taken special pains in speaking when I was present. For some reason I cannot keep the run of the remarks.

Reporter.—In your opinion, is it possible for all persons born mute, to learn to speak?

Mr. C.—I do not think it is, that is, to speak readily, so as to enable them to carry on a conversation. The trouble lies in the difficulty on the part of the instructor in "getting control" of the organs of speech. There are none who may not be taught to articulate a few words, but it will be at the expense of infinite trouble and great waste of time which should be devoted to their general education.

Reporter.—But is not the ability to speak of much more importance to them in their associations with the people who surround them, than an education would be, however comprehensive?

Mr. C.—I think not. With a good education they are enabled to enjoy books and many of the pleasures of life, and to support themselves by working as clerks, and in like positions.

Reporter.—In what kinds of business are deaf-mutes generally employed?

Mr. C.—As clerks, book-keepers, copyists and in many of the mechanical trades. And, almost without exception, they are highly appreciated by their employers for their fidelity and close attention to their work.

Reporter.—I infer Mr. Chamberlain, that you were not born mute.

Mr. C.—No, I lost both speech and hearing by sickness at the age of five years, and for some time uttered only mere sounds. As I grew older, I determined to regain my speech, if it was possible, and practiced incessantly, profiting by the corrections of those with whom I was associated. But it was up-hill work, for I had so many new words to learn, and, consequently, new combinations of sounds to acquire, which I had never used when a child. You will appreciate my labor when I state that not until I was thirty years of age, did I feel that I had reached my standard. I commenced on a slender foundation, but slender as it was, it was all-important to me. At the same time I practiced reading the lips, and now feel very well satisfied with my proficiency. So perfect have I become that few persons notice my total deafness. A short time ago I made a trip of three thousand miles, and sought opportunities to converse with strangers, and among the hundreds I encountered there were only twelve that I could not readily converse with, and in these instances I failed to comprehend what they said, for the sole reason that I could not see their lips when covered with hair. As an instance of how people may be misled at times, I will relate an incident that occurred in Boston. I went into a store and used pencil and paper in effecting my purchase. Leaving the bundle at the store, I went away for a while on other business, and returning, went up to the desk and asked for it, using my power of speech. The clerk stared at me and finally said, that I couldn't have the bundle, as it belonged to the deaf and dumb man. I went out, lighted a cigar and walked leisurely around the streets; smoking and viewing the sights, and when I had finished my cigar returned to the store, took pencil and paper and wrote a request, for my bundle. It was at once handed to me, and the clerk wrote on the paper that a man who resembled me sufficiently to be my twin brother, had been in a little while before, and fraudulently attempted to get the goods. Having the bundle safe under my arm, I bade the clerk good afternoon (in speech) and walked off highly amused at his look of amazement and incredulity.

Reporter.—Possessing the faculty of speech to such an extent I presume your inability to hear is the principal drawback in communicating with your friends.

Mr. C.—As you suggested, it is a drawback. In the dark, when I cannot see a person's lips, or only indistinctly, of course, I fail to understand what is said. And I also have trouble when persons at my side or behind me ask some questions. In several instances where I have been conversing with persons who were strangers, my infirmity was never detected unless in some such way.

The hour getting late, our reporter withdrew, having really enjoyed the conversation, as Mr. Chamberlain was a fine conversationalist, and gave many interesting personal reminiscences other than those mentioned, and inspired his hearer with a profound respect for a man whose steady determination had enabled him to overcome an infirmity which would seem to many to be insurmountable. It's true that in acquiring speech Mr. Chamberlain had the advantages arising from the use of his vocal organs during part of his childhood, yet the question arises whether the system of teaching those born mute, to speak, may not ultimately be so improved as to give good results after only a comparatively brief time of study and practice. It is quiet as much within the range of possibility, as many of the wonderful accomplishments of science which had been for years declared to be among the things beyond the power of man.—*The* —.

[We omit Mr. C.'s reminiscence of the war, it having been before published in our columns.—Eds.]

PERSONAL.

MR. W. W. MILES, formerly of Cananadaigua, N. Y., has moved to Indianapolis, Indiana.

ALBERT ALEXANDER, an old graduate of the American Asylum at Hartford, died at Brattleboro, Vermont, November 27th, aged sixty-four years. He entered the Asylum in 1825.

MR. AUGUSTUS TITCOMB, of Saco, Maine, a graduate of the Hartford Institution, is, with his two speaking sons, employed in the cloth-room of the York Mills at Saco.

MR. GEORGE FANCHER, lately of the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, is engaged in selling chromos and patent needle-books. He makes, on an average, \$5 per day.

THE wife of Mr. J. C. Hummer, formerly of the National Deaf-mute College, but more recently a teacher in the Iowa Institution, presented him with a handsome boy some weeks since.

MR. ARCHIBALD ALLISON, a Nova Scotian, who graduated from the Hartford Asylum in 1849, it said to be the finest boot-maker in Concord, N. H., where he is now employed at a high salary.

MR. J. W. PAGE, whom we have often noted, in connection with the Saco and Biddeford (Maine) Deaf-mutes' Association, is employed in the woodshop of the Lacoña Company, at Saco.

MR. OLIVER D. DEARING, an old graduate of the Hartford Institution, is now living with his family at Saco, Maine, where he is working as carpenter, a trade in which he is not excelled in Saco or its neighborhood.

MR. DANIEL CLEAVES is living near Saco, Maine, on a farm which he cultivates with the assistance of his children; as their father is so successful, we hope his children will cleave to the same occupation. He was educated at Hartford.

MISS MARY KENNEDY, a semi-mute, formerly a pupil of the Nebraska Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, was married last August to a deaf-mute by the name of Mr. Moore. She was sixteen and he, a widower of forty, with two children. They are living in Missouri.

MR. GEORGE S. KERR, a graduate of the Illinois Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, is living at Milburn, Lake Co., Ill., engaged in farming with his parents.

MR. J. D. PICKENS, living at Peel Tree, Barbour Co., West Va., is raising cattle, and among his herd is a fine bull one year old weighing 1060 pounds; he would like to know of any deaf-mute, farmer who has one of the same age to beat the above weight.

MR. JOHN ALTRIDGE, of Rockland, Lake Co., Ill., a graduate of the Illinois Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, is living with his parents and family engaged in farming, by the way, an occupation we of late have noted many deaf-mutes as being engaged in.

MR. NEWTON FISK, a graduate of the Hartford and Jacksonville Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, is now living in Kenosha, Wisconsin, with his parents and family where he was until recently employed in a Match Factory. Hard times caused his dismissal.

MR. FORD, an uneducated deaf-mute lately from Ireland and now living in Clarksburg West Va., was married to a hearing and speaking lady last October. Though uneducated and entirely deaf, he can talk very intelligently upon any subject. He is industrious and saving in his habits and conducts his business better than do many educated deaf-mutes.

MR. THOMAS B. BERRY, a former foreman of the printing office in the North Carolina Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, lost his personal property worth \$350 by fire, at the wharf house, near Camden C. H., N. C., before his departure for Raleigh, N. C. He is working on *The Sentinel* in Elizabeth City, N. C. His friends hope that he may soon replace his loss.

MR. GILBERT HICKS, of the firm of Isaac Hicks & Sons, Westbury Nurseries, Old Westbury, Queens Co., N. Y., writes us that his firm have sold 2872 shade and evergreen trees to Mr. A. T. Stewart the millionaire, for his Garden City, four miles south-west of Westbury. Their business is increasing so rapidly that they are compelled to enlarge their nursery grounds to fill the demands.

It is a matter of congratulation to the deaf-mutes of Baltimore and to the friends of the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes that the Board of Managers of the Mission have appointed Mr. L. C. Tuck, '70, to take charges of the Church for Deaf-mutes, in Baltimore, in place of Mr. J. C. Covell, recently elected Principal of the West Virginia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

In the matter of application of Stephen W. Baldwin for improvement in the manufacture of boot and shoe-heels, Mr. J. G. Parkinson, of the Class of '70, now Primary examiner in the Department of Shoe and Leather in the United States Patent Office, gives a written opinion, in favor of Baldwin, which has been published for the benefit of interested parties.

GEO. A. TYLER, a nice looking young man was taken to Lowell from Boston on a singular charge. He palmed himself off at the former city some time ago as dumb, and contrived to get a good suit of clothes given him by the Young Men's Christian Association the same organization helping him to a situation in the medicine factory of J. C. Ayer & Co. He stayed there six weeks maintaining his deception to the last; but a young lady with whom he got acquainted found that he could talk, and exposed him,—whereupon he fled the city.—*Boston Traveller*.

John Harrison Curtis, "aurist," knew almost nothing, but he got a reputation, and was summoned to attend Sir Robert Peel, who was suffering from temporary deafness. He went, provided with two watches, one that ticked very weakly and the other that made as much noise as a clock. Curtis first applied the weak-ticking watch to Sir Robert's ear, and of course he couldn't hear anything, but after working for some time he used the other one, and Peel could hear perfectly well! It was a marvelous cure.

COLLEGE RECORD.

EXAMINATION passed off very pleasantly and successfully in spite of the anxiety expressed by some as to the result. Examinations always seem very formidable until they are over and then they are generally laughed at as being very pleasant affairs after all.

We are glad to see that, in spite of the rapid approach of our studies to a level with those of hearing colleges, the students master them with a determination which shows they mean to do themselves and the College credit, and we think they will have the pride to continue to do so.

At the last examination the very few conditions, the high marks recorded, and the success of a few whose regime had been to fail in one or more of their studies, were very encouraging both to the Faculty and to the students in general. This showed that deaf-mutes are still able to sustain a high course of study in spite of the prejudice hurled against the College by malicious out-siders; showed too that they are regarding study in its proper light and that they mean to profit by it while they may.

Let every one consider study as a means of pleasure, of convenience and of utility and he will be sure to succeed; let him not, simply admire study but let him use it, that is, put it to some account, and he will surely find profit in it.

By the result of the last term's training, we are emboldened to think that the students are on the right track and mean to keep on it. That is right, keep the ball rolling and it will always go easy.

True, examinations are always dreaded but they are harder in imagination than in reality, and those young men who desire to store their minds with useful knowledge, and who are now deliberating whether they shall come to college or not, will do well to bear this in mind, for success is sure to follow earnest and well-directed endeavors.

We trust, after the holidays are over, the students will renew their studies with fresh vigor and continue to do as they have recently been doing.

THE new clock proves a great convenience, especially to those whose good fortune it is to have a room on the south side of the College building.

REV. THOMAS GALLAUDET visited Washington last month, held services for deaf-mutes in the city, and made a very interesting address to the students.

L. C. TUCK, of the Class of '70, and Principal of the School for colored deaf-mutes in Baltimore, has been appointed lay-reader in the Episcopal Church and conducts services for the deaf-mutes of Baltimore, each Sabbath in Grace Church.

AFTER the clock was set in operation, several of the students climbed into the tower to hear it strike. It struck and all expressed themselves well-pleased with the sensation (of feeling) except one who said it produced a queer feeling in his stomach!

On the 5th ult. the Reading Club met and elected the following officers for the ensuing term: *President*, G. M. Teegarden; *Vice-President*, W. N. Sparrow; *Secretary*, W. C. Pick; *Treasurer*, W. L. Waters; *Librarians*, J. W. Michaels and H. Erbe.

CHRISTMAS was a merry time, and a large number of presents were given and received. The day was taken up with calls to examine the favors Santa Claus bestowed, and the evening was spent in a pleasant social way at the President's house.

THE friends of S. T. Greene, of '70, will be sorry to learn that he has been sorely afflicted of late in the death of his father from injuries received by a fall from the roof of his barn, and the serious illness of his wife and of himself. The genial Sam. has the sympathy of the many whose heaviness he has so often lightened.

THE moonlight nights that were so tempting about examination time, proved too much for George of '76, and Rice of the Preps.; for, after their tremendous cram and dig, those giants refreshed themselves by taking a moonlight stroll over to Arlington by way of the Aqueduct Bridge and back over Long Bridge—doing it in four hours. The toughest examination that ever was would have been child's play to them the next day.

A BAPTISMAL service was substituted for the usual Sabbath School concert for December. The President's youngest child Eliza was baptized, Rev. Dr. Sunderland officiating. The Doctor preached a beautiful sermon from the text of Christ, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

GEORGE, '76, walked to Baltimore on the 26th of December. It commenced to rain when he was something over half way to Baltimore, and, making it muddy, greatly retarded his progress. The distance is forty miles and he was thirteen hours on the way with two stoppages of an hour each for refreshment. Sunday he tramped over a considerable part of Baltimore to find Grace Church, and Monday he went round to see the sights.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA.

OWING to the large number of applications, and the difficulty in extending advantageously the present buildings, the subject of moving to the country or to the suburbs of the city, and erecting new buildings, has been seriously considered for several years. Committees of the Directors have examined various sites, carefully considering their advantages and disadvantages, that a deliberate judgment might be formed. The effect upon their Institution of a removal from the city to the country was considered and weighed. It was resolved to continue in their present location, at the corner of Broad and Pine streets, and to extend and improve the buildings, using the large lot of ground on Fifteenth street, that has been leased to a florist.

The following are among the arguments that were used, and that were influential in causing the deliberate action of the Directors.

First. The health of the pupils has been remarkably good, the present location having the advantage of Broad, Pine, and Fifteenth streets to afford light and ventilation to the buildings. The absence of densely populated alleys, and other sources of infectious disease, and the popularity of the Institution with the residents in its neighborhood.

Second. The educational advantages afforded by a city with all its activities in developing the intellect of children deprived of hearing and speech. The advantage to teachers of communion with their fellows, and ability to attend places of worship and of instruction and amusement. The ability of the Directors and lady Visitors to give more frequent oversight in its present location, than if at a greater distance.

Third. The more economical administration of affairs in a city than in the country, where additional expenses are a necessity. The present site will not sell for a sum that will purchase another suitable site and erect appropriate buildings, hence there would be no financial advantages.

Fourth. Additional pupils can be taken by inducing the Governors of Delaware and New Jersey to transfer the pupils from those States to other Institutions that are not overcrowded. It is also hoped that the Legislature will foster the effort now being made to erect an institution for deaf-mutes at Pittsburgh. In this the Board of Directors, by a resolution, cordially united as a matter of justice to the western portion of the State, and as an act of mercy to deaf-mutes, for many of their parents will not send their children far from home. The Directors are confident that the sum needed to increase and improve the accommodations will be furnished by charitable citizens, or in default thereof by the Legislature, as the claim is stronger than that for the erection of school houses for the hearing.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

INDIANA.

FROM the twenty-first annual report of the Indiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, we glean the following: The number of pupils for year closed has been 334, of whom two have died and twenty-nine graduated, leaving an attendance of 291, which is a larger attendance in proportion to state population than at other similar institution.

Before the opening of the present session 85 applications were received of which but 59 could be admitted on account of limited accommodations; unless further additions are made to the buildings, the number of admissions will have to be restricted to the number of graduates each year.

The shops of the Institution have been profitable, affording employment and teaching useful trades to 110 boys.

Mr. MacIntire, on account of the rapid increase of the number of deaf-mutes in the State, urges the Legislature to give increased accommodation, suggesting the establishment of a separate department for the exclusive use of the younger pupils, conducted somewhat after the manner of the Kindergarten schools.

The statements made concerning the increase of deafness from disease, and especially from the disease commonly known as spotted fever, will challenge the attention of medical not less than of unprofes-

sional readers The disease itself is one of comparatively recent origin, and the report states that until within a few years it was not prominent as a cause of deafness. During the last six years, however, the cases of deafness from spotted fever have increased so rapidly that during the past year twenty-nine out of fifty-nine cases admitted to the Institution were caused by this disease.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Mr. A. H. ABELL Principal of the Institution and his assistance are now making collections for a building fund in New Brunswick, Canada and the States; they have collected \$2200, a considerable part of which goes to pay for furniture and old debt! So the collection is continued in the Western part of the Province, as well as in Maine and Massachusetts.

Besides having evening school in the present buildings the Institution is also open to day pupils. The apparatus is in great variety; the whole costing \$1600. The Institution was established last year, solely to give better education as well as better food than is obtained elsewhere in the Maritime Provinces; all is progressing satisfactorily; within a year, the funds have amounted to \$4000 and as soon as a sufficient amount is received the erection of the new building will begin.

NEBRASKA.

THE number of pupils now in attendance is thirty seven, an increase of eight since last year.

The weather has been very different from that of last year during this month, it has snowed four inches deep, and the pupils may be seen coasting down the hills in the afternoon, a luxury for which Omaha is famous.

The health of the pupils has been excellent. Most of them have parents suffering from the grass-hopper plague. Two of the new pupils lately attended the Iowa Institution; their parents moving to this State they have been admitted to this Institution.

Last October there was a State Fair in Omaha. The pupils and Officers of the Institution were kindly invited, and in the morning the pupils all went to the city to see the Firemen's parade through the principal streets, in the afternoon with the Officers they attended the Fair.

Mr. Russell, a former pupil of Mr. Kinney is temporarily engaged as teacher here. The Board of Directors met here on the 8th inst, for the purpose of giving the Institution a through inspection which proved satisfactory to them.

Mrs. Kinney, on account of family duties, resigned her position as matron. Mrs. Thompson for some time housekeeper in the Ontario (Canada) Institution for the Deaf and Dumb has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

Mr. McClure and your correspondent have bought 11 acres (4½ and 6½ acres respectively) of cultivated land about five minutes' walk from the Institution they have planted hundreds of Grape vines, Apple and Maple trees, Mr. McClure has built a house on his portion of the land and is now living in it with his wife and four little children. Thus it will be seen that he and your correspondent trains the vine as well as the mind.

F. L. R.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Modoc tribe has dwindled down to 148.

War is imminent between the Sioux and Ute Indians.

At the English Exposition, there is a stuffed cat said to have killed 3270 rats during its life.

It is expected that the Virginius affair between the United States and Spain will be amicably settled.

The Albert Memorial Chapel at Windsor is nearly completed and is described as exceedingly beautiful.

One hundred and thirty-six degrees of Doctor of Divinity have been conferred by colleges in the United States this year.

"What does U. S. mean?" asked a stranger of a Yankee. The prompt and proud reply was that "It means US, sir."

The body of the little four-year-old boy, Miller, Jesse Pomeroy's victim, was first found by a deaf-mute named Powers.

It is feared that the steamer Pelican, from Cardiff to Cork, with passengers and crew numbering forty-six, has been lost.

San Francisco, with half the population of Chicago, claims to have five times as much money in deposit in her savings banks.

Dartmouth College grew out of a school established for the education of Indian children. It now has one Indian among its students.

Commander W. B. Cushing, of Albemarle fame, recently died an inmate of the Government Insane Asylum at Washington, D. C.

Col. Remick, Nebraska agent, reports that 2,800 families whose crops have been ruined by grasshoppers in that State, will need daily rations and clothing until Spring.

Egypt is likely to become a fashionable resort, now that the facilities for communication have increased and hotels have been improved. The Empress of Russia and the Empress of Austria expect to pass the winter there.

Some idea of the expenses attending the trial trip of a large steamship may be had when it is known that the trial trip of the City of Pekin to Newport, with a large number of guests, cost \$50,000. Delmonico's bill for the entertainment was about \$25,000.

In 1790, there was, in the United States, but once city containing a population of 8,000 to 12,000; in 1870, there were 92 cities of that class. In 1790 three cities only contained a population of 12,000 to 20,000 against 68 in 1870. In 1790, there was but one of 20,000 to 40,000 against 39 in 1870.

A well-known divine, in his wise old age, once took a newly-married pair aside, and said: "I want to give you this advice, my children—don't try to be happy. Happiness is a sly nymph, and if you chase her, you will never catch her; but just go quietly on, and do your duty, and she will come to you."

The easiest and simplest remedy for chapped hands is found in every ones' kitchen closet, and is nothing more than common starch. Reduce it to an impalpable powder, put in a muslin bag, and keep it in the table drawer. Whenever you take your hands out of dish-water or suds, wipe them dry with a soft towel, and, while yet damp, shake the starch bag all over them and rub it in. The effect is most agreeable.

The abductors of Charlie Ross were shot at Bay Ridge, N. J., while attempting to rob the country seat of Judge Van Brunt. One of them was killed out right, and the other who died from the effects of his wounds in his last hours admitted that they were the abductors of Charlie Ross. Superintendent Walling, of the New York Police force, recognized the men whom he had been in search of for months, believing that they were employed in the crime. He is satisfied that the mystery of the abduction will soon be solved.

THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK.

WITH the first issue in September Dr. TALMAGE entered upon the second year of his editorial management of THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK. Under his influence the paper has taken a position in the foremost rank of religious weeklies. Its success has been unqualified. The liberal tone of its editorials, the determination to avoid all show of sectional or sectarian bias, and the overflowing spirit of brotherly love constantly manifested, have established its prosperity.

The corps of contributors includes many of the ablest and most interesting writers in this country. Among them are C. H. SPURGEON, HORATIUS BONAR, and Dr. PARKER, of England; Rev. ROBERT PATTERSON, D. D., Rev. Dr. STONE, Hon. A. H. STEPHENS, of Georgia; Rev. BYRON SUNDERLAND, D. D., Hon. HORATIO KING, ex-Postmaster-General, Rev. T. SANFORD DOOLITTLE D. D., Rev. J. B. THOMPSON, D. D., Rev. ELBERT S. PORTER, D. D., Rev. W. W. HICKS, of Augusta, Ga. Mrs. JENNIE DOWLING DE WITT, Mrs. MARGARET E. SANGSTER, Mrs. AMELIA E. BARR, and many others.

A serial story from the facile pen of Mrs. JENNIE DOWLING DE WITT is to be one of the attractions of this excellent journal; and the Sunday-school department, which includes each week a treatise on the current lesson, and the "Question Box," is of marked and timely interest. Every number also contains one of Dr. TALMAGE'S stirring sermons, which are here published under his sanction and immediate supervision.

A choice of premiums is given to every subscriber. The first is a Portfolio of twelve gems, by HENDSCHEL a German artist of great celebrity in Europe. It is an admirable feature of this premium that there is no additional expense for mounting or frames, as with the chromos. The other premium is a large chromo, 22x28 inches in size, entitled "The Twins," after LANDSEER'S famous animal picture of that name. To secure uniformity in price, and to avoid all extra charges, which have proved such an annoyance to subscribers, the chromo is delivered unmounted. When the subscriber, has paid three dollars and twenty-five cents he receives either premium, free by mail, the paper for one year, and has his postage paid also, after January 1, 1875. If he does not desire a premium, he can have the paper alone, postage paid, at \$3. We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of this excellent paper in another column. It presents special inducements to agents.